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THE CHIRONIAN will be sent until ordered discontinued.

WE now close Volume IV. of THE CHIRONIAN, the most successful volume known since its birth, four years ago. Much of its success is due to the able efforts of our energetic business manager, Dr. Wakeley, and in giving him the honor due him, we wish him every success in his future work. We thank, most heartily, our subscribers (of course we only mean those who have paid their subscriptions) for the interest shown and their words of praise and appreciation. We also thank the Medical Press at large for their generous treatment, it proves to us that we are appreciated and are filling a sphere previously vacant.

THE part played by the "compend" in education is not at all for the best. Among medical students especially is this seen. These condensed books are taking the place of the larger and more thorough text-books, instead of being supplemental to them, and the consequence is that the student's accurate knowledge

of the subject is proportionately small. As a book to carry around in your pocket, to refer to at odd moments, they are very good, but when they take the place of Gray, Flint, Loomis, Cowperthwait or Lusk, they had better be abolished altogether. The knowledge gained from them is always ill defined, and can never impress itself on the mind as when the argument has been carefully followed from beginning to end in a more complete work. We would most strongly advise students to give them up, unless they can keep them in the place where they belong, that is, secondary to the larger and authoritative works. The greater the amount of reading a student can do on a subject, the more definite will be his knowledge of that subject, providing his selections have been good, and with the college library of from five to six hundred volumes before him, the matter of selection is easy. Though this may be an age of speed and rush, it is much more an age of accuracy, which you will find out to your cost if you continue your studies from "compends" alone.

THERE is a growing evil in the college management that the attention of the Faculty should be called to. We feel that the authority given us in the annual announcement would be neglected did we not do so. We refer to the lax manner in which the markings of the students' examinations are kept. If they are to be kept secret, then keep them from all, if one is to know them, then give them to all, either one method or the other should be rigorously enforced. It is obviously unjust that a man, after passing an examination, should get his marking, and finding it to be low, then take a second and special course in that subject and have a new examination granted him that he may attain a marking higher than the original. It is a gross injustice to his associates, and we trust such a thing will never occur again.

The Fair.

THE fair in aid of the building fund of the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Free Hospital went merrily along throughout Easter week, and was a complete success, both socially and financially. On Monday evening the interior of the armory of the Second Battery presented a most charming and altogether unwarlike appearance. The gaily decorated booths, filled with everything which could delight the eye and captivate the fancy, had completely transformed the abode of Mars. The large booths were arranged in order along the sides of the armory, while in the centre was the flower booth with its fair occupants, whose beautiful costumes and lovely faces attracted many a purchaser to sample their wares. All the popular devices for catching the small change of the unwary visitor were in successful operation. The young man with the canes, and the rings which seemed made to settle down over the heads of those canes but rarely did; the Punch and Judy show, which was said to be excellent; the gipsy in her little tent, who would spin you yarns by the hour while holding your hand and pretending to decipher by the lines thereon the secrets of the future.

Then there were so many things for which you could subscribe—a diamond star from Tiffany's valued at \$1,500, a diamond pin valued at \$50, a diamond and sapphire ring valued at \$120; two fine pianos, one a Steinway, the other a Hardman; an elegant cabinet safe donated by Herring & Co., and many others, too numerous to mention.

After passing through the hands of the subscription gatherers, if you had any money left, you could exercise the noble right of suffrage, which was extended to all, male and female, young and old, and *vote* for anything and anybody. You could vote for Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Princeton or Brown, in the great intercollegiate contest for a fine eight-oared shell, to be built by Waters; you could vote for your favorite captain and company in the State National Guard, and if you wished to be with the majority you would vote for the Second

Battery and its gallant commander, Captain Ferdinand P. Earle; you could vote for your favorite newspaper or show your appreciation of your doctor by depositing a vote for him in the contest to determine who is the most popular doctor in the city. When tired with looking and subscribing and voting, what better could you do than to find a seat near the Buffet, and try some of those delicious sandwiches washed down with the liquid which cheers but does not inebriate, or some cake and ice-cream, both of the best?

The names of the booths and the presiding officers of each were as follows:

The "Harlequin," in charge of Mrs. William Tod Helmuth; the "Pansy," Mrs. J. W. Dowling, Mrs. J. W. Dowling, Jr., and Mrs. A. H. Burdick; the "Rococo," Mrs. T. F. Allen; the "Knickerbocker," Mrs. W. O. McDonald and Mrs. F. E. Doughty; the "Volunteer," Mrs. St. Clair Smith; the "Varsity," Mrs. Ely; the "Buffet," Mrs. Baker; the "Lilliputian," Mrs. Welling; and one other which had no distinctive name, under the charge of Mrs. McKay.

The weather during the week, with the exception of one day was all that could be desired. On Saturday evening, the building was crowded with elegantly dressed people. Cappa's band furnished lively music and a harvest of subscriptions and votes was gathered in. The polls closed at eleven o'clock precisely, and as that hour approached, the excitement reached its height. When the various contests were finally decided, it was found that Columbia had captured the eight-oared shell after a close race with Harvard. Captain Earle and the Second Battery came out ahead in the voting for the most popular commander and command in the State National Guard. The \$1,500 diamond star went to Mr. H. P. Frothingham, and this gentleman immediately made a donation of \$150 to the building fund. The diamond and sapphire fell to Mr. Paul Allen, the son of our worthy Dean. The diamond pin became the property of Mrs. Charles P. Geddes. The elegant cabinet safe donated by Herring & Co., was awarded to Dr. William B. Clarke, Secretary of the Indiana Institute of Homœopathy. The

Doctor was in attendance at the Fair, and has been in the city the last two months "doing" the colleges and hospitals. The most popular paper as shown by the voting was THE CHIRONIAN. This is a most flattering tribute to us, and we shall take great pleasure in donating the prize which we won to the library. The aforesaid prize is a copy of that well-known picture "A Russian Wedding Feast." We feel sincerely grateful to the many friends of our paper who so generously assisted us in bearing off the palm. No account of the Fair would be complete without a tribute to the lady to whose untiring efforts so much of its success was due. We refer to Mrs. William Tod Helmuth. She, it is, who has been the head and front of the whole enterprise, and in the name of Homœopathy, we extend her most hearty and grateful thanks. The noble and self-sacrificing ladies, who rallied around her, deserve likewise unstinted praise. We have it on good authority that the total receipts of the Fair will be in the neighborhood of \$16,000. This is a most worthy contribution to a worthy object, and in the name of the college and its students, we thank all who were instrumental in bringing about this most gratifying result.

Commencement Exercises.

THE commencement exercises held at Chickering Hall on Friday afternoon, April 13th, were well attended. Some 1,800 people (the majority ladies) were present, and the many flowers massed together and adorning the stage, betokened that at least *some* of the class, were favorites among the fair sex.

The forty-eight members of the class were marched into their seats, to the music by Neyer's orchestra.

The exercises were opened by a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Bowls, which was followed by an address by Dr. T. F. Allen, in which he set forth the advantages of homœopathy over allopathy; the present condition of the college, as compared with its past, and the growing interest which was manifested in it among, not only the profession but the laity.

He complimented the class highly, regarding its standing, and hoped that this standard of excellence would be kept up hereafter.

In conclusion, he stated what had already been accomplished in the building of the new college and hospital, what its prospects were, and reported that many free beds had been offered, and some bequests had already been made in its favor.

The diplomas were then presented by the Hon. R. B. Cowing. The Hon. Salem H. Wales being unavoidably absent.

The presentation of the prizes by Pres. Dr. Malcom Leal, followed, in which the doctor explained how the prizes were awarded, and with a few appropriate remarks, presented them as follows:

First Faculty Prize, F. W. Hamlin, A.B., M.D.; Junior average, 96.22; Senior average, 98.86; Total average, 97.54.

Second Faculty Prize, E. S. Smith, M.D.; Junior average, 95.44; Senior average, 92.4; Total average, 93.92.

First Honorable Mention, C. A. Gwynn, M.D.; Junior average, 93.38; Senior average, 92.6; Total average, 92.99.

Second Honorable Mention, W. H. Sawyer, M.D.; Junior average, 94.3; Senior average, 89.8; Total average, 92.05.

Third Honorable Mention, C. N. Platt, M.D.; Junior average, 91.39; Senior average, 93.2; Total average, 91.79.

Fourth Honorable Mention, A. E. Baker, M.D.; Junior average, 91.; Senior average, 92.36; Total average, 91.68.

Fifth Honorable Mention, A. A. Hoag, M.D.; Junior average, 89.75; Senior average, 93.5; Total average, 91.62.

The Wales Prize (a Helmuth pocket case of instruments), for the highest standing in the studies of the junior and middle years, was awarded to

Mr. Paul Allen, whose average for the two years was 97.45.

First Honorable Mention, Mr. F. C. Bunn; Average, 97.37.

Second Honorable Mention, Mr. C. E. Low; average, 96.89.

Third Honorable Mention, Mr. G. H. Jenkins; average, 96.43.

Fourth Honorable Mention, Mr. C. H. Lewis; average, 95.87.

Fifth Honorable Mention; Mr. C. E. Wilcox; average, 95.74.

In reading the list of honorable mentions of the middle class, several mistakes were made, which have since been corrected.

Mr. C. E. Low's name was left out, as being in Junior Class; but having passed the examinations of the two years, with the above high standing, is entitled to second honorable mention.

The class valedictory, by J. T. W. Kastendieck, M.D., was well written, and delivered in Dr. Kastendieck's telling manner. It showed much care and thought, and was appreciated by the audience to its fullest extent.

After many congratulations, mutual, and from friends and relatives likewise, the Class separated, to meet later in the day at their first alumni banquet, a report of which will be found on another page. We append a list of the graduates.

Graduating Class, '88.

Johnathan Hill Allen.....Montville, Conn.
Winfred Cornell Allen.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Allen Eugene Baker.....Auburn, N. Y.
William Gedney Birdsall, Greenpoint, Long Island, N. Y.
John Bright Campbell.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bernard Clausen.....Hoboken, N. J.
Frank Markoe Cummins.....New York City, N. Y.
Amos H. Elliot.....New York City, N. Y.
Zachary Peck Fletcher.....New York City, N. Y.
Alonzo Barton Foster, M.D., Waterford, Ont., Canada.
Charles Andrews Gwynn.....Throopville, N. Y.
Frederick W. Hamlin, A.B.....New York City, N. Y.
Elmer Martin Hatch.....New York City, N. Y.
Willis Henry Haviland.....Glens Falls, N. Y.
Richard Edward Hinman.....Atlanta, Ga.
Alva Albert Hoag.....Bridgeport, Conn.
Alonzo Potter Burgess Holly, L. C. Univ., Port au Prince, Hayti.
John Charles Jackson.....Jordan, N. Y.
Frank A. Jacobson.....Hackensack, N. J.
Howard Clifton Jewett, A.B.....Haverhill, Mass.
Herbert Samuel Jones.....South Sudbury, Mass.
Julius T. W. Kastendieck.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Andrew K. Kline.....North Branch, N. J.
Simon C. Landauer.....Medina, N. Y.

Frederick A. Mandeville.....Newark, N. J.
George Harvey McGeary.....Marble, Pa.
DeWitt Hiram McGraw, A.B.....Binghamton, N. Y.
Sherwood Day McIntosh.....Auburn, N. Y.
Harry T. Miller.....Springfield, Ohio.
Pierre Colon Moriarty.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. Lincoln Mowbray.....Allendale, N. J.
Edwin Kenney Parker.....Littleton, N. H.
Clarence Nathaniel Platt, A.B.....New Haven, Conn.
Louis Appar Queen, D.D.S.....New York City, N. Y.
Greenville A. Rathbun.....Franklin, N. Y.
Wilhelmus Bogart Robinson.....Haverstraw, N. Y.
Willis Herbert Sawyer.....Antrim, N. H.
Charles William Smith.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Edward Sylvester Smith.....New Haven, Conn.
Robert Vaughn Sweet.....Port Byron, N. Y.
Hiram W. Vanderwerker.....Glens Falls, N. Y.
Charles Ver Nooy.....Rutherford, N. J.
William Abner Wakeley.....Levana, N. Y.
John B. Walters, M.D.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Edgar Washburne Whitely.....New York City, N. Y.
Theodore Crawford Wiggins.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Howard E. Winans.....Caldwell, N. J.
Joseph Miller Woodruff, A.M.....Newark, N. J.

Valedictory to the Class of '88.

J. W. KASTENDIECK.

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND FACULTY, MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '88, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

BEGINNINGS may be small, but they are not therefore unimportant. The final issue of a career is determined largely by the standard of excellence adopted at the outset. One may by an unlooked for lucky tide, reach a fairer haven than the one for which he set sail, nevertheless, there can be no sure promise of success without the assumption of an ideal. Much is involved in the proper choice of sphere and goal; but to determine and follow the best means to the desired end, is not less an indication of wisdom.

To call attention to a few important essentials and at the same time aids to success, is the purpose of this brief address.

All who rightly start in life wish to succeed. With one, the race is for wealth with its possibilities, another strives for reputation; some seek

political eminence, while others make knowledge the ultimatum of their desires; some thirst for power, others aim at the alleviation of human suffering—but all run, all strive to obtain.

The early years of man's life are spent in gliding pleasantly over the calm waters of childhood and youth; but as his mind matures, he becomes more observant; he sees the angry sea of the busy world. As he notices the countless barks buffeting the foam-crested waves, ambition is awakened, and he longs to enter the struggle. But is it merely the spirit of adventure that leads him on? No. He is moved somewhat by it, but what influences him most is, that beyond the raging billows there appears to his mind a beautiful harbor, whose placid waters are suggestive of contentment—it is the labor of success, of attained reputation, where anxiety and trouble give way to rest. It is this vision that makes him bend manfully to the oar, and labor vigorously to cross the intervening space.

But to reach this haven many difficulties must be encountered. It is important to know how they may be best overcome.

As the corner-stone to success, let us place character. In it we have a force which will, as nothing else, hold together the walls of strong manhood. Besides, wherever it exists, it is a power. Possessed of it a man employs his talents as he should, and does not stray from the path of integrity for mere profit. It makes him, in a high sense, a man. He stoops to no dishonesty, tolerates no meanness. The treacherous tide of temptation will menace him, but it will sweep on in its wild career leaving him unharmed. Self aggrandizement is not his chief object. He does not live merely for himself, his purpose is broader.

With such principles a physician truly becomes a humanitarian. His desire is not only to acquire wealth and to obtain honor, but also to relieve the suffering and to cure the diseases of his fellow men.

What reputations have been the most lasting? Who of the toilers have achieved the greatest success? Has it not been those whose manliness of purpose has made them conspicuous? Those, who though in the midst of temptation

have stood like cliffs of adamant defying the fury of the seething waters whose proud waves dash against them, only to be hurled back or to be broken into spray?

Character does not spring up as a mushroom in the night. It grows slowly. It must be cultivated, tenderly watched. As it is at first much influenced by surroundings we must be careful of our associations. If they will make our lives nobler and better, if they will bring us renown, let us cultivate them; if not, ignore them.

But linked with character in our upward march we should have determination. This is the Gibraltar of the mind. The cannon of adversity may thunder, but the threatening shells will break harmlessly against the rock.

Upon entering a career, be it professional or non-professional, we are liable to encounter more or less disappointment. The castles built by imagination are soon shattered. The speedy success hoped for does not come. In despair we would exclaim: It is useless to try, I must give up the contest. Then it is that dark clouds gather and obscure the sunlight of life. The lightning of disappointment flashes vividly. Thunder, perhaps of approaching poverty, rolls ominously. All is dark. The wind of shattered hopes moans dismally. This cannot be easily pushed aside, much less be disregarded; but if with courage and unbending determination we resist the storm, we shall come forth, it may be with a few honorable scars, but yet with life, strengthened hope, and perhaps having gained our end. And so it is. Just as we think the elements are about to vent their whole fury upon us, the clouds break, the faint blue sky appears. The noise is hushed, clouds and vapors are dispersed and the great "King of Day" shines forth in all his splendor. On the horizon as the vail of mist is made to rise, letter after letter, is revealed all as if of purest gold—until at last we read that magic word: *Success*.

A good example of determination we have in Hannibal, the Carthaginian. At the age of nine, led to the altar by his father Hamilcar, he swore eternal hostility to Rome. Appointed to command at the age of twenty-six, he began his march. Arduous, indeed, was the task he had

taken. While climbing the Alps he was beset by difficulties of sufficient magnitude to appall a more timid heart. Large numbers fell and perished on all sides, yet he pressed on. It is recorded that he was one day approached by his engineers with the intelligence that they could proceed no further as the path was blocked with snow. Could this change his purpose? Hear his answer: "If there is no way, you must make one." He would not hear of retreat. On, on, he went, until, with his troops, he entered the Italian plains and wrested from the Romans the victory he had coveted even as a boy.

The vacillating mind is a most unfortunate possession. It has scarcely begun its life work before it sees some attractive bauble, is lured away and ends in defeat. Every little elevation, each hillock of disappointment, turns it, as a rolling stone, in a different direction, until finally it reaches and falls into the abyss which it would fain have avoided. Instead of rising higher, it rolls lower. Its whole career is deceptive. Each step would seem to hold forth assurances of success but results in greater degradation. Determination, however, will resist such diversion and help us to succeed. But in conjunction with it let us not fail to remember activity.

He who idly drops his hands into his lap and calmly awaits success will not attain it. The world's best men are toilers; and to be worthy of a position among them, we must simulate them.

While determination is the resisting force which enables us to withstand adversity, it is by the power of activity that we remove obstacles from the path to greatness. We have but to think of what activity has accomplished to realize its importance.

The energy of Napoleon enabled him to achieve great renown; the ceaseless activity of Alexander the Great made him ruler of the world. Washington, undaunted by greater numbers and superiority of discipline, led up to independence. From the marshes of Russia arose the beautiful city of St. Petersburg; Holland and Belgium were reclaimed from the sea. It has built the colossal pyramids of Egypt. Further, activity in research has led to great

advancement in all branches of science, and of general knowledge. It has conferred upon us that great boon, anæsthesia. Hahnemann and his followers revolutionized the medical world. The political supremacy of the Romans, the progress of the Athenians in the arts and sciences, the prowess of the Spartans, were all the results of activity.

By its power mountains are leveled, rivers spanned, steamers plow the sea. It cuts canals and constructs railroads. It has established telegraphic communication over the world, and has converted leafless deserts into blooming gardens.

It is useless to have an ideal, unless it be pursued. Renown cannot be achieved without labor.

When we enter the arena of life, we find it filled with contestants, each eager to excel the others. Who will win the coveted wreath? He who, encased in the armor of character, carries the shield of determination and uses the weapons of activity. On his head shall rest the trophy of success, and the memory of his deeds will be imperishable.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees:

The Class of '88 extends its thanks to you for the opportunity offered us to obtain a thorough medical education, and it shall be our endeavor to do nothing that would tarnish the fair name of our *Alma Mater*.

Gentlemen of the Faculty:

We thank you for the kindly interest manifested toward us; for your earnest endeavor to fit us for the responsibilities we are about to assume. May we profit by your instruction and prove ourselves worthy of your self-sacrifice. If we succeed, it will be by following your precept and emulating your example.

Fellow Graduates:

Though language is powerful, it is inadequate to express the contending passions and sentiments which pervade the soul and sway the human mind.

This occasion is considered one of festivity, yet it means separation. Parting from friends endeared by three years of college association

does not occur without sadness. What a strange incongruity, a sad pleasure.

For three years we have tugged at the portals of the Temple of Æsculapius. The gates are scarcely yet ajar; but the beauties of knowledge revealed by this glimpse should arouse in us a desire for a broader and better view. Let us not rest until we have reached the very altar and the great secrets have been opened to our minds.

The broad sphere of active life now lies before us. See the ladder of Fortune! 'Tis high, but at its top is the crown of Triumph, set with the jewel, Reputation. Let us mount and make it our own! If our very eagerness cause us to fall and miss the prize, let us profit by experience and try again. And if we grasp it, what though the hand tremble and the hair turn gray? what though at the moment of supreme happiness the fiat go forth from the judgment seat: Mortal, return to dust. We have accomplished our work; our hand is upon the crown: and e'en grim death cannot rob us of our gain.

Let us lose no opportunities. Let not retrospection bring up the thought, "It might have been."

"It might have been—ah mournfully
That old refrain comes back to me.
And memories come thick and fast
Of my old barren, wasted past:
Of days that should forgotten be.
Woe unto him who makes too free
With golden opportunity!
When sense of failure comes at last,
With heavy heart and hopes downcast—
Then he, alas, too late will see:
It might have been."

Have you ever observed a beautiful sunset—how the golden orb gradually sank to rest, bathing the landscape in his mellow light? Did you not stand entranced at the quiet beauty, the purity of such a scene, and did not sweet recollections dwell long in your memory?

Let us live so, that the going out of our life shall be as the memory of such a sunset, that people may marvel at our virtue, humanity and skill, and that our fame may linger long after life's struggle has ceased.

Classmates, Doctors, God-speed!

Commencement Exercises and Reception at the Ophthalmic Hospital.

THE thirty-sixth Annual Commencement and Reception of the New York Ophthalmic Hospital and College was held on Tuesday evening, April 10th, in the clinic room of the Hospital.

Despite the inclement weather, about 200 friends of the Institution were present. Five men received the degree of *O. et A. Chir.*, and seven certificates in Laryngology. The former were Drs. Thomas M. Stewart, *Pulte*, '87; Carl P. Elebash, '84; W. U. Reynolds, '87; G. R. Bowen, '87, and W. W. Heberton, '85. The latter were Drs. J. O. Chase, '87; C. A. Groves, '81; F. H. Monroe, '86; C. Schumann, '87; T. M. Strong, '71; Irving Townsend, '87, and B. W. Stillwell, '87.

After prayer by the Rev. H. M. Mac Cracken, D.D., LL.D., the opening address was delivered by Thomas C. Smith, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees. He commented upon the flourishing condition of both the Hospital and College, and gave a short resumé of the character and amount of work performed by each. The address of the evening was delivered by Prof. F. H. Boynton, M.D., '74, President of the Faculty, which, on account of its interest, we append below. The exercises were followed by refreshments and dancing.

PROFESSOR BOYNTON'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of our Hospital and College:

The President of the Faculty is announced to make an address for the reason, I suppose, that he is *not* expected to do so, as he is admonished to confine his remarks to five, or at the longest, seven minutes, and probably for the additional reason, that medical men are proverbially poor public speakers.

We highly appreciate the interest you take in us, as manifested by your presence here to-night, and I trust you will bear with me while I briefly relate the workings of the Institution to which

we have become as warmly attached as to a mother, and for the glory of which we esteem it a privilege to devote the best years of our lives.

Our work is divided into Hospital, Dispensary and Educational departments, each necessary and contributing to the efficiency of the others. It may interest you to know what we have accomplished during the past years. I have selected the ten years ending with 1887 as giving a fair sample of our work. In our Hospital and Dispensary department we have given gratuitous treatment to the following numbers :

1877.....	5,111
1878.....	5,713
1879.....	6,122
1880.....	6,146
1881.....	7,492
1882.....	8,942
1883.....	10,014
1884.....	10,281
1885.....	11,675
1886.....	11,207
1887.....	10,789

During this period we have graduated and sent out into the world fifty-six specialists in the eye, ear and throat, who are doing good and conscientious work, and are a credit to our Institution, our system of teaching, and our facilities for instruction.

These advantages for instruction which we offer to those undertaking the specialties which we teach, we believe to be unsurpassed. All that experience and science have acquired are unreservedly placed before them.

During the course of the term they receive two or more theoretical lectures daily, added to which they have the advantage of the abundant clinical material afforded by the out-door department, and the large number of patients treated in the wards of the hospital. They also receive an extra hour of special instruction from each Professor weekly.

The Clinical Lectures are especially valuable, as by this method of instruction we are enabled to develop accomplished specialists, since each candidate for the degree is required, during the latter half of the term, to diagnose and lay out

the plan of treatment in the presence of the Professor, of every disease coming under observation. A rigid examination concludes the work, and the high rank our graduates have taken, seems to justify our method of instruction and encourages us in its continuance.

Our work is indeed a specialty, but we would not have you think that attention is confined to it, to the detriment of a general knowledge of medicine. Our students have not only pursued a course in general medicine, but for a longer or shorter time, have engaged in general practice, at least one year of such service being required before they are eligible as candidates for the degree *Oculi et Auris Chirurgus*. A specialty therefore does not narrow, as some incorrectly suppose, but enlarges one's sphere of usefulness.

To the graduates little need here be said, our word of instruction, caution and encouragement has been given in the lecture-room, we have only to repeat our best wishes for their prosperity, and our confidence that they will in all ways strive to uphold the reputation of their Alma Mater. And finally, we are not only interested in the training of specialists, but incidentally afford much relief to suffering humanity. This latter object will no doubt excite your especial interest, since our ability to do so depends upon the voluntary offerings of a charitable public.

We have no resources save the union of professional services, gratuitously given and such voluntary offerings. The gradual growth of the reputation of our Institution has brought with it rapidly increasing numbers of applicants for gratuitous treatment and demands upon charity, until our resources have been taxed to the utmost and our facilities for continued usefulness restricted. Indeed we have not been equal to the demands made upon us and we feel the urgent need of increased means and accommodation. We make no apology for thus reminding you of our necessities, we need assistance and believe you will esteem it a privilege to co-operate with us in carrying on this work. Other institutions, than which ours is not less worthy, have recently received substantial aid. Why

not ours? This seems to be a period of public benefactions. The strong are coming more and more to realize it their duty to care for the weak, the fortunate for the unfortunate. To this end charitable institutions of all kinds are founded, and through them relief to the suffering, which no man can estimate. Charity is one of the noblest teachings of the religion of humanity and Christianity.

The philanthropist receives the highest reward from men, and can we doubt that he will be rewarded by his creator? A walk through the poorer streets of the City or a visit to our Hospital Clinic will be sufficient to show you the pressing need of the work we are trying to do.

What greater benefit to mankind than to make the blind to see, literally to bring them from darkness into light. In this work all may have a share. For ourselves we ask no credit; from a desire at first to increase our knowledge, the work has become to us as a second nature, but for these suffering ones, to whom we minister, we ask your charitable consideration.

Exercises of The Hahnemannian Society.

THE sixteenth annual exercises of The Hahnemannian Society, of The New York Homœopathic Medical College and Hospital, were held at Association Hall on the evening of April 11th. Without exception the entertainment was the best of any held so far. The audience was enthusiastic, and most kind in its appreciation of the efforts of those engaged in the difficult duties assigned them.

The organ solo, by Lewis '89, with which the exercises opened, was well chosen, brilliantly rendered, and appreciated by the audience.

President Jewett then, in a few appropriate remarks, spoke of the Society's work, its past, present and future, and showed what the class might do and *should* do in years to come.

Wakeley's poem seemed to hit and was a success in every way.

Wiggin's prognosis was given, as only a Wiggins *could* give it, and while the class of '88 was

too much for him to prophesy on individually, he foretold a life of plenty for them all.

Dr. Frazer's address was listened to with interest both by the audience and by the class. His discourse, both pleasing and instructive, proved the good judgment of the choice which made him the speaker of the evening.

Bryan, '90, upheld the honor of his class, and his inimitable singing was the feature of the evening.

The conferring of the certificates of membership was prefaced by a few remarks by President Jewett, in which he explained what they are and what they were for.

In the "send off" to '88, White, '89, set forth the *virtues* of the class in a becoming manner, saying nothing of its *faults*, because, forsooth, they had none. His words were to the point, well put, and made a fitting ending for a most successful and pleasant entertainment.

"The best Glee Club the college has ever known" enlivened the exercises by numerous songs, well rendered and showing the training of its leader, Platt.

They were encoored until their patience and voices were exhausted.

The addresses will be found on another page.

Address of the President of the Hahnemannian Society,

H. C. JEWETT.

THE Society invites you to its sixteenth public exercise. It has an existence of twenty-five years. Its chief corner-stone is Hahnemann; its object the recognition of him as master, advancement of the members in medical knowledge and parliamentary rules. Growth has characterized these years, its record for the past two being unsurpassed as to numbers added, money raised, ability of the essays and discussions, and work accomplished.

The infant Library of a year ago is now standing erect and speaking forth volumes of truth. The Society in the future must add to its

strength and usefulness with the assured erection of the new College Building, noble in its purposes, splendid in design, solid in material, complete in all departments, through the liberality of friends and alumni and the tireless, unceasing, successful efforts of the ladies, who, hearing our cry, came over and helped us.

Of all gifts to man, life is most precious; given us to round out and perfect; to make a value to mankind. Its existence and the preservation of health receive the first and constant consideration of man. In comparison with it all considerations of fame, of wealth, of power, sink into insignificance.

To be in that profession, whose purpose and work is the prevention of disease, to restore to home and usefulness, to strengthen the weak, to save life, is it not a noble one? To be deprived for hours of needed rest; exposed to unseen dangers, impelled by a consciousness of doing good, with no thought of reward, is it not one of self-denial? The physician stands at the "Alpha and Omega" of life, watches its "chills and fevers," hears its cry of joy and sorrow, buries in his memory the secrets of all; is it not a responsible one?

Of necessity the medical profession is an educated one, by virtue of which, its voice should be uttered with no uncertain sound and listened to, in matters hygienic, educational, city, state and national politics.

The character of his work brings him into daily contact with all classes of men, who better can read the signs of the time? Yet rarely is his voice heard in the interests of the people. All that pertains to the welfare of our country, sound and wise laws, just rulers, the suppression of vice and dissipation of moral darkness and ignorance, demands our interest, voice and earnest action.

Laws for public health, quarantine and sewerage need the watchful eye of the physician. In the government of these matters, often, business men constitute a majority. Such might subordinate questions of health to the consideration of dollars and cents. Presumably, the doctor is best informed as to disease

and the method of checking the spread of contagion.

Education of the young should not be forgotten in the multiplying duties of the physician. Unquestionably, in many respects, our system of education is splendid, but is it not, with its marks, its examinations, its rivalries, its prizes, whipping on the dull and inciting the bright to greater efforts while adorning the mind and cultivating the speech, is it not impairing the nervous system and laying the foundation of lasting sickness? Massachusetts, with its boasted education, has one insane to every 300 persons, not to be attributed wholly to education, but to worry, financial losses and various other causes.

The duty of the physician as recognized today is the *cure* of diseases. If disease, then a cause; it may be heredity, improper diet, dress, over-study, disregard for natural laws. With the revival of the custom of having a family physician, and hence the doctor's freedom to the homes, knowledge of his patients' habits and disposition, confidence in him, obedience to his advice and commands, would not many cases of disease be *prevented*? Let the willing, intelligent co-operation of the people be given to the doctors in all that pertains to the public welfare.

We have been in the mortar of examinations, rubbed and triturated until we have finely pulverized. A few swiftly passing hours brings us the coveted College Diploma. It has cost three years of mental perspiration. Our foundation is laid on the richest experience of the most learned men of the Homœopathic School. The superstructure will be as we make it. Let us make grist of all we read, form and stand by our conclusions.

"He will be a poor physician, who, like the little bird sits in its nest, shuts its eyes and opens its mouth to swallow every thing that is dropped into it." In this chosen work, let each recognize the duty to himself in making a sturdy and symmetrical character, duty to patient, giving him honest attention and careful study and in all the changes in life our duty to God.

Prognosis.

J. T. WIGGINS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I THINK I see, as you look at your programme, that some of you understand why this position is particularly trying for me.

At the beginning of my middle year, when I went to the Secretary of the Faculty to get my matriculation ticket he said, "How *dares* a man with such a name come to this College?" Some of the other Professors have been exceedingly witty at my expense, and in many ways I have had to suffer much, but this seems the "most unkindest cut of all."

I am *not* that prophet, nor am I closely related to the weather-wise Canadian; nor have my classmates reason to think that the future is more open to me than to any one else, for they all know that my foresight is not to be compared with my "forgetery." "What private griefs they have, alas! I know not, that made them do it."

It is always a pleasure to the just to listen to an honest recital of the deeds of the great, and you doubtless regret that we have no class historian; for probably this is the most *remarkable* body that ever appeared on any platform (excepting of course, the classes which *you* represent).

I must not stop to deal with them as they are, but passing over a number of years show them as they *will* be.

They would like me to map out their individual future, but it is better that they learn to live one day at a time; for sometimes a knowledge of the future is a calamity, so I will treat of them as a whole.

In nothing has the unparalleled harmony of '88 been more noticeable than in the matter of feasting, for no sooner does one say "I am hungry," than all feel that they have an aching void and immediately a committee is chosen to get up a class-supper.

If you will imagine that this is 1903, I will read you some notes of their third quinquen-

nial banquet, provided by the uptown Delmonico of that time.

As the class take their seats Clausen starts "Auld-lang-syne." He pitches it rather high but they do n't mind flattening a little, so they struggle through two stanzas.

At the head of the table sits Dr. Mandeville, now famous because of his researches in medical Egyptology, chosen to the seat of President and toast-master as a faint recognition of his ability as an engineer in getting up enjoyable programmes, or in electing class officers.

Nearly the whole number is present, and a very comfortable-looking lot of men they are.

As the feast progresses, and old scenes are recalled, and old songs sung, you can see the wrinkles, born of many cares, grow more shallow. Again are they the boys of long ago.

The authority on current events is besieged with questions as to stocks and oil, and whether Kaiser Wilhelm is really dead, etc., and Cummins's "Heigh O, Potential Surgeon." Harry blushes, looks pleased, and we all laugh.

Over at one portion of the table we hear some very large horse stories. Those about Hamlin talk of the days they played base-ball, and he sighs because a consulting physician must needs give up so much of this world's joy.

Woodruff and McGeary and "The Deacon" draw on their fertile brains and bring up many long-forgotten jibes on themselves and everybody else. Good humor is the order of the hour.

When the last course has been disposed of, the toast-master makes one of his neat speeches, and, with a new story, leads up to the first toast, "Homœopathy of To-Day," and calls on Ohio's favorite son (Dr. Miller) to respond. Harry is all in a flutter, but he makes his little bow and begins:

"Mr. Toast-master and Classmates:

In the history of Homœopathy there has been a great decline, but it is a decline on the part of the people to be treated by any other system."

Harry talks a trifle fast, and we would like to breathe for him; but we are able to gather that, at last, the members of the Old School have become honest, credit Homœopathy when credit

is due, and, having carefully studied our law, are now practicing scientific medicine, and have adopted our *Materia Medica* in their colleges.

Sidney and his banjo are next announced. Campbell is induced to accompany him. This, as a musical treat, is not a success, but, as an uproarious failure, it brings down the house.

While this tragedy is being enacted, Sweet is noticed vigorously mopping his manly brow, then wiping his hands, and consternation is written on his face. We know the reason when he is called upon to toast "The Record of '88."

This he feels to be the effort of his life. He never said more than "aye or no" out loud in a class-meeting, and now thinks he can hardly say even so much.

As he rises he is conscious that he has hands, so, copying a member of '89, he folds his arms.

With his first words, however, he feels that he has the confidence of the class, and that they believe him equal to the mighty subject.

Under this inspiration he waxes eloquent as he tells of the bold front (though trembling heart) with which we presented ourselves and diplomas at the seat of law to register, of the satisfaction in making important announcements to happy fathers. We are most melted to tears, as he pictures our grief upon making out the first death certificate, when our only comfort was found in the quotation of "Our Helmuth." "It is appointed unto every man once to die." He briefly reviews the trials and triumphs of the first five years, and how after getting fairly established, we branched out into the field of investigation.

Individually we have added our share to general medical love in its different departments, but the plan upon which we have been working the last ten years, and which has resulted in a *Materia Medica* of 110 drugs, each carefully proved by over 200 intelligent and conscientious people and compiled by Drs. Smith and Moriarty, this is the work of which we are justly proud, and which has brought us highest praise from the medical world.

After this speech, the class fall on one another's necks and vow to struggle for a perfect *Materia Medica*, till death shall cry a halt.

"Mandie" is first to recover, and calls for a song; and when the boys are quite themselves, he introduces the poet of the evening (Dr. Gwynn).

Charley makes a short apology for not coming out in this line in his college days, though so strongly urged, and reads as follows:

"OUR GROUP PICTURE."

"I T seems but yesterday, though our gray hairs

Do tell that fifteen years have passed, since side
By side, with dauntless hearts and true, we faced
The deadly camera; though conscious that the eye
Of Pach was on us.

Ah! 'T was a trying time.

And hard indeed to be compelled in space
So short to put upon the face, for sooth
The dignity of years. So that they who
Later on might see should say
'Each inch a Doctor even in his youth!'

"One day there came the proof. Now watch each one
As with an eager eye he scans the card,
To see how to the world it makes him to appear.
The jaws of several drop; and straightway some
Proclaim a great injustice done them.
For though each tried to look his best, some passing
Thought, just as the bulb was pressed, swept o'er
The face, and left its imprint there."

Charley then goes on in his melodious way and tells of Haviland, who at the critical moment was distracted by a vision of loveliness upon the "L" platform; of Captain Smith who leaning on the fence thought of the days upon the Quarter deck and seemed again to see a sail heave into sight. He makes it clear that "Grandpa Elliott" from his tip toe and chin forward position, was about to raise his hand to let Pach know that he too was there. He tells how "Hinman with a lash concealed is looking down the street to see a Dr. Potter or any man gone wrong and alludes to the wondrous power his fearless, pen has been." He shows that McGeary, still true to himself bestrides the railing, ready to drop on either side as circumstances shall suggest.

He speaks of several more, and all are greatly pleased at this unexpected display of genius.

But while he is congratulating himself upon his success, Woodruff rises by permission, and reminds the audience that the poet got his

ideas from the *rejected* proof, and would not get the *approved* picture because it made *him* to assume an "I want to be an angel" expression.

Other toasts and songs follow and the programme is ended.

Then Sawyer (who was always of an enquiring mind), comments on the unsatisfactory excuse of our absent Valedictorian; and asks that Dr. Mowbray be requested to more fully explain. There are cries of "Mowbray" all over the room. The golden-mouthed and silver-tongued orator slowly rises to his full height and mid breathless silence tells his story.

"I have been anxious to gain a hearing, but I want you to understand that I did not bribe the learned gentlemen to call for me.

Several months ago I was stopping in one of the larger cities in Western New York, and learning that I was not far from the office of our Valedictorian, determined to call. A small, liveried, colored boy, pale with terror, opened the door. He told me that the doctor was in, but that I had better not wait as he was in a great rage.

I handed my card with the remark 'that probably that will quiet him.'

I was received half graciously, but could see from the rust upon his lips that he had been nibbling on old band iron as a vent to his wrath. 'My dear fellow,' said I 'what *is* the matter?'

'Matter enough. Come in the office. Look at that! Did you ever see a more outrageous thing?'

He placed his finger on a picture in an illustrated paper and, gritting his teeth, turned his head away.

It was simply a sketch, much the same in style as those with which Campbell was wont to decorate the black-board, representing a man with an immense aldermanic development, taking a walk, and carrying the aforesaid development in a wheel-barrow. Beneath I read, 'The fate of the man who lives to eat.'

I smiled at the idea, and said: 'But what has that to do with you?'

'That's what I'd like to know. Listen to this:

"It was said of Lord Macaulay that he was a

delightful conversationalist, his silences were so refreshing."

'I've had six copies of that abominable sheet sent me this morning with that picture and that paragraph both marked. How I would like to get at the conspirators.

Is there any reason why I should be so insulted?'

'Now, my dear boy' said I, 'they have laid it on rather generously, but then, you know, you used to be quite gifted in the matter of speech, and, by the way, did you ever take a side view of yourself in the mirror?'

While speaking, visions of that large yellow satchel, the sandwiches, half pie, egg, inevitable bottle of milk and fruit, which it contained for his daily lunch, and the dreadful possibilities swept through my mind.

He stalked up to the glass and gained a profile of himself, and *there* was the picture, all but the wheel-barrow.

He turned pale, sank into his chair and gasped: 'John, what shall I do? What shall I do?'

I tried to comfort and advise him.

Since then he has been taking everything and doing everything to reduce his flesh, until, as I saw him this week, he is a mere skeleton with skin hanging in folds and almost as thin as the man who had to carry a cane in order to make a shadow. His digestive organs refuse to perform their functions, and as he is not ready to *di-gest yet*, he keeps out of the way of temptation. Hence his absence to-night."

The class now proceed to thank everybody who has taken part, and everybody thanks everybody else for being such a good fellow, and in this thanksgiving spirit they separate, hoping that all may be present when they meet five years hence.

Class Poem.

W. A. WAKELEY, M.D. '88.

LONG ere the light of her countenance shone
In the face of that awful prodigal son
Of hers, called "Trojan Æneas,"

And, while her wild oats remained yet unsown,
And she had n't a beau she could call all her own ;
The ruler of hearts was capricious.

Since, forsooth, 'tis ordained by omnipotent Jove,
That *I* am to rule as the Goddess of Love,
And not to be *wise* like Minerva,
I shall have me a class from some far noted school,
That shall know *twice* as much as that warlike old fool,
"And," quoth she to herself, "I'll unnerve her."

So, when she had time from her matters of love,
She was wont to descend from her regions above
To seek for this class so precocious ;
And searching with care, through each cycling age,
She worried to death every world renowned sage,
In a manner that seemed quite atrocious.

For, no matter how bright a class they might bring,
She'd vow, in high dudgeon, "It was n't the thing !
They must bring one still brighter ; less common,"
Till old Socrates cried in despair (so 'tis said),
"Oh ! ye *Gods* ! most eternal. I would I were dead,
And had never set eyes on a woman."

Long after Socrates gave up the ghost,
She sought for her darlings from pillar to post ;
Her zeal not abating, for knowledge,
Long after Carthage and Athens and Rome
Had crumbled to ruin ; she came nearer home,
And found them right here in our College.

Tired and discouraged, the hour growing late,
One evening in March (in the year eighty-eight)
She came to this modern "Pantheon" ;
She climbed up those stairs, so well known to us all,
Reached the top out of breath, and there in the hall,
Saw "Frank" our time honored "sexton."

She gazed on that massive brow, burdened with care,
Caught the effect of his fawn-colored hair
And sighed, as she thought of Adonis ;
But he, quite unconscious that *Venus* was nigh,
Stood watching the clock, as the minutes sped by,
To ring in the next lecture—on us.

The sound of the bell sent a thrill to her soul,
Like that which the racer feels, as near the goal,
He hears his name with applause blended—
She started, and trembled (as goddesses do),
For deep in her heart, she very well knew,
Her search was about to be ended.

Her heart beat so wildly ; her breath came so fast,
She hardly kept pace with Frank as he passed
Through the hall to let in "our surgeon."
She shrank with dismay, at the burst of applause
Which greeted the Doctor, and thought that the cause
Was due her sudden incursion.

A glance reassured her, and fixing her hair
(Which though quite unseen she always took care
To have in the height of the fashion.)
She rearranged *briefly*, what garments she had,
The draping of which (though really most bad),
Had long been with her quite a passion.

This being done, she uplifted her gaze,
Which were it seen would most surely craze
The brains of the students before her.
The very same gaze, the very same eyes,
Which filled poor old Mars, with joy and surprise
And made the old war-god adore her.

She lifted her gaze—and that met her sight
Which filled her fond heart with blissful delight,
And she almost giggled with pleasure,
She hardly believed what she saw, could be true,
That after hunting the world through and through
She at last had discovered the treasure.

And while the loved Doctor was quizzing the class,
She (hoping to goodness he'd let them all pass)
Was carefully reading the story
Of their lives. What she found would take *volumes* to
tell,
And what I disclose would be but a—well,
A drop in their bucket of glory.

First, she found what they'd been doing
While their knowledge was accruing ;
How they fixed examinations,
Changed the schedule, made vacations ;
Let the Faculty give lectures
Oftentimes, and made conjectures ;
But in anything pertaining
To the students, and containing
Anything not quite in keeping
With their views, they'd call a meeting—
Call a meeting with precision,
And adjourn without decision.
How this class from three small volumes,
Musty, worn out, antique volumes,
Undertook a work stupendous,
And by energies tremendous ;
Had succeeded in obtaining
A library, now containing
Hundreds of the useful volumes
That the medic world has furnished.
How they had been first and foremost
In the subjects of their lectures.
How they had abolished theses,
Smashed the records all to *pieces* ;
Till the faculty delighted,
Gave them everything they asked for.

Looking up she first saw "Julia,"
In a manner most peculiar,

Showing how a carcinoma
 Could be told from a sarcoma.
 And she wondered if in walking,
 He went faster than in talking.

Then she dropped her gaze to "Susan,"
 As he sat there, musing, musing ;
 Over "Friday night's engagement,"
 And she vowed she'd see him keep it.

Seeing "Pop" so quietly sitting,
 By himself—she thought it fitting,
 That she should compose her person
 On his lap ; and saw no reason
 Why there should be an objection,
 To her seeking some protection,
 From this grave and reverend senior,
 For she felt that she could trust him.

Then she caught a glimpse of "Ruby"
 Sitting up there next to "Judy,"
 Wondered how a man so prudish,
 Could sit by a man so dudish.

Glanced at Hatch the "Incubator,"
 Wondered if his beard came later
 Than his moustache, and if lighter ;
 Wondered if it *could* be whiter.

Saw the stalwart form of Whitley,
 Buried now almost completely,
 By the refuse of the peanuts,
 Peanuts, peanuts, peanuts, peanuts ;
 Peanuts fat, and peanuts slender ;
 Peanuts tough, and peanuts tender ;
 Which he was forever eating,
 As though some great task completing.

Then saw Winans (Jersey's hero),
 Clapsed her hands and said "Oh ! dear, oh !"
 Here's a sight that's worth the seeing,
 "A potential human being"—
 Gazed with pride on Harry's whiskers,
 Which though thick, and black and bushy,
 Could n't quite conceal his blushes
 When he made his Cedron "rushes,"
 Saw the "foetus" quite exhausted
 By the weight of brain and muscle,
 Which he was obliged to carry,
 Which had made him weak and weary.

These she saw with all the others ;
 Wondered if they all had mothers,
 Who would be as proud as she was
 Of this class, her new found treasure.

Pleased beyond measure by what she had found,
 She sat on "Pop's" lap and smiling, looked round

On these men, her able defenders.
 She foresaw, with pride, a bright future for each,
 And in the dim vista, her vision could reach
 To the time when success crowned their efforts.

She vowed if the Faculty "plucked" any one
 Of this brilliant class before she was done,

She would make them all subjects for Talcott.
 She would raise such a muss 'twixt them and their wives,
 That they would forever be tired of their lives,
 And wish they had never been doctors.

Unseen and unfelt ; with a heart full of bliss,
 She gave to each student a "sisterly" kiss
 (By way of a token of friendship) ;
 Endowing each one with strength, wisdom and grit,
 And a generous sprinkling of talent and wit,
 That they might not bore all their patients.

Of good looks and beauty she gave not a whit.
 "For," thought she to herself, "I shall need every bit
 Of which I'm the happy possessor.
 As, unless I am *pretty*, my business is dead,
 While they *are* so really handsome—'tis said
 The Faculty asked for their pictures."

Thus she has chosen and marked "eighty-eight"
 As her private property—destined by fate
 To a brilliant and eminent future.
 She now—her work for the time being done—
 Inspired us with courage, then let us alone,
 And quietly took her departure.

"Haec fabula docet," 'tis easy to see
 That, where e'er our path in life's journey may be,
 We are sure to attain to perfection.
 With faith in our patroness, goddess and guide,
 We can, without care or anxiety glide,
 Through a life of love and affection.

"Send-off" to '88.

J. BEECHER WHITE, '89.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

WE are reminded by this array of beauty
 and talent, and the presence of this
 august body of graduates, that another year of
 our college life is ended, and whatever task is
 laid upon us to do within these prescribed limits
 must be quickly done. It is therefore with feel-
 ings of the greatest responsibility and solicitude
 that I now in behalf of the students of this col-
 lege undertake to address such words of coun-

sel and praise to our worthy friends, the Class of '88, as we feel their condition requires.

Viewed from a medical standpoint, we can say they have no superiors, and I am only repeating the words of others when I say '88 is a glorious class, the best the college has known for years. We are proud to be its successor, and our greatest ambition shall be to work in emulation of those who have left with us such a good example.

As a class, they have raised the standard of our college, and as individuals we look to them to raise the standard of Homœopathy by the faithful practice of its laws and unswerving promulgation of its teachings.

To this class we owe our growing library and the abolishment of the much-dreaded thesis. The extra Saturday morning clinic can be traced to their influence. Our skill in cushion-throwing and our prodigious appetite for peanuts, we owe to their teachings. We have known them two years. A short time, you will say. Yes, but so crowded full of fond memories and experiences that if we were to live a thousand years they would still live in our hearts as they do to-night, the hour of our parting.

They have not looked upon us as their inferiors, but as students of medicine, striving with them to attain a common end. It has been their object to impart to us the knowledge and experience of men one year in advance, in such a kind and unobtrusive way as to win our respect and gratitude from the start.

If an unfortunate middle-man happened to stray within their corral, he would be treated kindly and made welcome, instead of being unceremoniously fired out or kicked into the next room, as has been the custom formerly.

In fact, there has been an utter absence of that haughty, domineering spirit so often assumed by upper-class men.

Their kindness, we shall never forget; their faults will be forgotten in our o'erwhelming grief at their departure.

I say their faults, for even this most exemplary body of men have faults. You will find here many curious characters. Men with unpronounceable names, so much so that even our

learned Professors find it difficult to master them; "but what's in a name?" nothing, when the man hails from Jersey.

There is also one man who, in moments of frenzy or absent-mindedness, will hurrah as lustily for Jeff Davis in this enlightened City of New York as he would in his own native land of crocodiles and alligators; this spirit of boldness in one who in other things is so meek and mild, may be attributed to the fact that he spent some little time among the wild and uncultured Indians of the West.

And you will find here the man of whom the poet must have been thinking when he wrote:

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love,"

only this young man's "fancy" has "lightly turned to thoughts of love" nearly all winter. But who can blame him?

"He is tall and fair with auburn hair,
And a pleasing sight to look on,"

and so the young ladies think, that is, if we can judge by the number of delicately perfumed missives he receives. His conquests have not been confined alone to this City; we have known him to seek new fields several times this winter and it may be at this present moment some of his broken-hearted victims are singing that sweet old song

"There is a *Havi-land*, far, far, away."

And there is another gentleman of this number for whom we feel deeply concerned. In this profession he is bound to succeed, but unless he decides to settle his fate before engaging in practice we fear he will be involved in no end of trouble, keeping peace among his host of fair admirers as he makes his choice. But this only as a suggestion, Jake is quite competent of taking care of himself.

And our good friend Wiggins we expect to find the same jolly good fellow ten years hence. He is one of those happy individuals on whom time works no changes and with whom circumstances have little weight. The only fault we can find in him is that he will allow that heavy beard to cover up his classical features and spoil the sweetness of his smile he so unsparingly

bestows on all alike. But in as much as he is the leader of a Sunday School Class composed of fair and fickle damsels, he has probably modestly and not unwisely concluded to hide as many of his charms as possible, which accounts for the fact that he is still "heart whole and fancy free."

Allen and Moriarity have *faults* in common the same as everything else. They have learned to "love not wisely but to well," how they will ever endure the separation that must naturally follow graduation we cannot conceive. Probably one of them will take to him a mate from the opposite sex, which may in a measure console him, but the "little 'un" we fear is doomed to a life of misery and solitude; probably in a few years he will become a regular cynic and write essays on the fickleness of man.

What can we say of the irrepressible "Mac"? The least the better, probably. To say that we have enjoyed his dry humor and ready wit, and the way in which he would extricate himself from the entangling and perplexing questions of the "quiz" would only half express it. Suffice it to say he always acquitted himself nobly and in a manner surprising even to the professors. "Mac's" greatest failing is his insatiable appetite for milk punches and other fruits. (We have learned since writing the above that "Mac" has conquered that "appetite," but has fallen victim to the soothing charms of "sweet Catawba.")

We must not, in our haste, forget to mention our silvery-tongued orator Kastendieck, who passes so readily from the sublime to the ridiculous, and whose rendering of "Solomon Levi," and other hymns, was a feature of the Freshman year. At the urgent request of his class, he has condescended to accept the honor of valedictorian, hence, you will all have an opportunity of witnessing his power of oratory if you attend the graduating exercises of Friday, and we advise you to do so, as we are informed this will be the grandest effort of his life.

If we were to close without mentioning the name of Smith, the "flower of his class," we would, and justly, too, call down upon our heads the wrath and unmitigated contempt of

every member of '88. But what fitting terms can we find with which to clothe our sentiments? To this man, who has taken such an unselfish interest in college affairs, who has wielded such a healthy influence upon his fellows, and who has endeared himself to so many, not only of his own class but also of '89 and '90, we can only say we thank him for his acquaintance, and wish him success beyond his most sanguine expectations.

We do not wish to leave with you the impression that the members of this class whom we have failed to mention personally have not in their three years' course distinguished themselves in any way, as this would not be true. It can be safely said that each and every one of them have laid the foundation for a good and useful life and a name that will be remembered and honored long after they have "shuffled off this mortal coil." Yes, ladies and gentlemen, you are sitting to-night in the presence of men to whom all the world will some day do homage, "We know not when the day shall be," but to one who has known them in college, who has seen them stand unflinchingly under the Professors' fire and spell Hey's saw H-e-i-g-h, the fact is more than apparent that sooner or later they will be heard from. We have seen them in the dissecting-room pointing out to the credulous Freshman the patella in the roof of the mouth, we have listened to them by the hour as they explained to us the successful use of a crib, and "often in the stilly night" when the rest of the world slept we have seen them still pouring over their books with a determination that plainly meant "*we are bound to win.*" How well they have carried out that determination is manifest by their presence here to-night. But we might go on aggrandizing this illustrious class almost "*ad infinitum*" and yet not enumerate one-half their virtues, but I have already used more than the time allotted me, so with a few words to them I will close.

Gentlemen—You have done well.

The struggle has been a hard one and you have fought bravely. You are too sensible to be satisfied with what you have already accomplished, let that be only an incentive to make

you grasp the oars more firmly and pull steadily up the stream to the hills beyond where lie the hidden treasures.

And gentlemen we have only one more thing to ask of you, that is, that we may live as long in your memories as you will in ours. We shall rejoice with you in your success and weep with you in your sorrow.

Thanking you for your kindness to '89 and wishing you all God-speed, we bid you an affectionate—Good-bye.

Meeting of the Alumni Association of the N. Y. Homœopathic Medical College.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Association was held at Demonico's on the evening of April 13th.

President Mandeville in the chair.

Some of the more important business transacted was as follows :

The President appointed as Tellers of Election Drs. Leal, Adams and Deady.

The election of officers resulted in the following choice :

President.—St. Clair Smith, M.D., '69.

First Vice-President.—E. Carleton, M.D., '71.

Second Vice-President.—Hugh M. Smith, M.D., '76.

Third Vice-President.—E. H. Linnell, M.D., '76.

Corresponding Secretary.—S. H. Vehslage, M.D., '79.

Recording Secretary.—Charles McDowell, M.D., '78.

Treasurer.—E. H. Porter, M.D., '85.

Necrologist.—N. K. Bennett, M.D., '77.

Chairman of Executive Committee.—W. W. Blackman, M.D., '77.

Executive Committee.

A. B. Norton, M.D., '81. C. W. Cornell, M.D., '77.

E. J. Pratt, M.D., '81. F. S. Fulton, M.D., '85.

J. L. Beyea, M.D., '80.

Alumnus Trustee—Wm. M. Pratt, M.D., '61.

The meeting directed the Executive Committee to compile during the coming year, a new directory of members, together with a list of the

addresses of all graduates of the college to date.

Drs. J. L. Moffat and W. M. L. Fiske, the committee in charge of the Alumni Lecture, reported that on the 30th of November last Prof. J. S. Mitchell, of Chicago, delivered the third annual lecture before the Association. Subject: "The Relation of Homœopathy to Malignant Diseases." It was an interesting and able paper, and appeared in the January number of the *North American Journal of Homœopathy*.

Nevertheless, in view of the lack of interest in the annual lectures, the committee recommended their discontinuance.

On motion, the report of the committee was accepted with thanks, and its recommendation adopted.

The Treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$31.68.

After hearing report of Auditing Committee, the meeting accepted the Treasurer's report.

On motion of Dr. E. V. Moffat, seconded by Dr. Fiske, it was decided that Section III of resolutions in regard to voting, passed at last annual meeting, be so amended as to read :

"All members not in arrears may send to the Secretary, at least five days before the Annual Meeting, a list of the persons for whom they desire to vote. The Secretary shall report the result of this ballot at the Annual Meeting.

Members elect may vote at the Annual Meeting."

At half-past nine a recess was taken, and the Association retired to the banquet hall.

CHARLES McDOWELL,

Recording Secretary.

Banquet.

THE sixth annual banquet of the Alumni Association of the College was held at Delmonico's Friday evening, April 13th. After a lengthy business meeting, the members sat down about ten o'clock to appease their now ravenous appetites.

After an hour or so of feasting which was interspersed with songs by the Glee Club, the

toast-master (Dr. George S. Norton) was introduced by President Mandeville, and with a few appropriate remarks, called for a toast to "Hahnemann, the father of Homœopathy," which was drunk standing and in silence. Then a toast was proposed to "Our Alma Mater," which was responded to by Dr. T. F. Allen, Dean of the Faculty, who said: "There is little to be announced in addition to what has already been said. We have now a sufficient amount of money to clear our land of encumbrance, and a fair amount of surplus. We expect to lay the foundations soon. Our treasurer (Hon. R. P. Flower) expects to build a free hospital himself in connection with the college, and we have several free beds already offered. The toast to the "bar" was responded to by General Stewart L. Woodford. In the course of his remarks, he said: "I began my medical education some time ago in dining here with the College of Physicians and Surgeons. I dined here a week ago with the College of Pharmacy, and I now finish my feasting with the Homœopaths."

"I notice a universal youthfulness in the assemblage, and yet I am credibly informed by Dr. Dowling that there is no one here under fifty years of age (with one exception)."

"You bid me speak of the 'bar'—I do not know which one you mean. There is the bar which is closed Sunday, the bar at the mouth of our harbor, my bar, and of late Madame Diss Debar, you pay your money and you take your choice."

He then spoke of the affection that lawyers had for the doctors, and paid a tribute to their generous and self-sacrificing work. The toast to the church was ably responded to by the Rev. Dr. Eaton, who upheld the church and medical profession, but deplored the degeneracy of the bar, and thought that the reason so many lawyers took religion in such homœopathic doses, was because they lived more in the physical than the spiritual.

That man was not made for doctors, ministers and lawyers, but that doctors, ministers and lawyers were made for man. The toast to the Trustees of the College was responded to by Hon. George W. Clarke, who told how he be-

came a homœopathist and enthusiastically proclaimed his adherence to its principles and teachings. He made a vigorous onslaught upon the sympathies and purses of the Alumni to enlist their aid in starting the new college at once.

The toast to the older Alumni was responded to by Dr. Nott, '77, with a few appropriate and timely remarks.

Dr. Dowling arose to say a few words in response to the toast to the Faculty, which he did in his own well known manner. The toasts were continued until a late hour, ending in the toast to the Class of '88, which was responded to by Dr. E. S. Smith as follows:

Response to The Toast, "The Class of '88," at The Alumni Banquet.

EDWARD S. SMITH, M.D.

MR. TOAST-MASTER AND GENTLEMAN:

IN attempting to speak for the Class of '88, I am aware that I have undertaken a heavy contract. The subject is so great in its proportions, so varied in its beauties, presents so many peculiar and original features, that in the endeavor to do justice to the theme in the allotted time, I find myself in the position of one whose aspiration far exceeds his ability.

The president of the Faculty said this afternoon, and with good reason, that "this is a class of prize men." It is a class of which any medical faculty should be proud.

When I remind you that these men, before they entered upon the study of medicine, were pedagogues, artists, musicians, servants of the government, druggists, and what not; and when I assure you that we have among us that rarest of anomalies in a company of medics—a "deacon,"—you will understand, to some extent, the varied talents here represented, and you will also appreciate my embarrassment at this moment.

We have made a record with our instructors which is enviable. Indeed one of our men was never known to pass a question if he could possibly induce the professor to answer it.

That relic of the Confederacy, that terror of the Faculty, the bold "Hin (doo) man" has

"Dared to beard the lion in his den,"

or the dean in the professor's room,—which is the same thing.

It was only this afternoon that our Goshen giant made such an impression on Judge Cowing, that he was told he might *Cum-in* to the privileges of a physician.

The most inexorable and terrible of the censors, after endeavoring to *whet* his blade once *more* on some of our men, gave up in despair and declared to the handsome secretary that this was the best class that he had ever examined.

Yes, gentlemen, having studied the human frame and its ills from the constituents of the minutest speck of protoplasm to the amputation of the hip joint; having borne ourselves valiantly in the quiz and examination with more than twenty professors and instructors; having eaten three class suppers and one alumni dinner, and being yet undismayed, we stand before you as battle scarred heroes, deserving if not seeking your admiration.

But these faces stolid to a degree, and looking as if they held within their crania all medical lore from the aphorisms of Hippocrates to the tissue remedies of Schüssler, are not the same faces that assembled in the amphitheatre on a certain morning in October, '85, to listen to the first lecture in pathology.

What has wrought the change? Gentlemen, you are all aware that a beard is one of the most dearly prized possessions of the young physician; and knowing as you do the advantage that accrues to the physician of sedate and mature appearance, and knowing as I do the evidences of youth and verdancy that are concealed beneath these hirsute appendages, let us change the words of Sancho and say, "Bless the man that invented beards."

But we have not all been equally fortunate in this race. There is at least one among us, the "torch-bearer of '88," who still

"Sits and eats his heart alone"

because all his efforts in this direction have been futile. Though he has been told by Pro-

fessor Helmuth that it is a law of nature that there should be a place for every thing and everything in its place, yet while she has provided the place, nature has cruelly refused to put anything in it. He attended a case with a classmate during the Senior year, and was greeted by the patient with "why this doctor is hardly old enough to hold the lamp!" But he is going to be a doctor "just the same."

Gentlemen, the Class of '88 is a great class. I think I hear you say that you are weary with this from the spokesman of recent graduates; but, as careful physicians, it is your custom never to make a diagnosis until you have learned all the symptoms.

It was in the middle year that two of our number conceived the idea of securing a library that should be something more than a name.

Enlisting the interest of other men, they carried the matter before the Hahnemannian Society. The classes of '87 and '89 gave their cordial support to the plan. A committee was formed, who, in the face of discouragement, pushed the matter to an issue, and before the close of the year the library was a fact. There is now a useful and increasing collection of books, which is daily open to the student.

Again, we have paid more than one-third of the debt resting on THE CHIRONIAN at the close of last year; and, before we retire from its management, we expect to prove the possibility of making that Journal a financial success.

Another evidence of the energy and versatility of the class is seen in the able manner in which the paper has been conducted this year.

One man has served science and his fellow-men, and sacrificed months of health and comfort, in making the most exhaustive proving of Ferrum Phosphoricum that has ever been known. He will find himself famous, and justly so, after the next meeting of the American Institute.

These deeds would have been enough to make the name of any class immortal, but they did not satisfy the towering ambition of '88.

We began in the Freshman year to instruct the Faculty, and since that time these grave and reverend seniors have been our docile pupils. We managed the matter so adroitly that they did

not suspect their position, but now that we have escaped their hands, we will divulge the secret.

In the first place, we told them that the scheme of lectures should be changed in order to increase the opportunities of the student. And changed it was.

We asked for another medical clinic, and straightway a professor was found to conduct it, and the clinic was opened.

We declared that the thesis should be abolished, believing, as we did, that it was a useless and fallacious incubus on the over-burdened medical student. Again they acknowledged our superior wisdom, and the thesis is no more. For this alone we merit the gratitude of all succeeding classes.

We have introduced a new lectureship into the curriculum—that of medical ethics. The Dean had cherished a similar purpose, but our man appeared first with his lecture. Really the Faculty have tacitly confessed, by deed if not by word, that we knew far better than they how a medical college should be conducted.

So you see, gentlemen, that it is in no spirit of mere post-prandial gasconade that I say that the Class of '88 is a great class. Indeed, so impressed are we with this truth that one of our number has suggested that in determining the vocal fremitus in future the classic "99" be dropped and "88" substituted—so will our name be upheld.

But, gentlemen, I ask you to think of us not alone as students, and as physicians, but as men. Having had the companionship of most of my colleagues during "the crowded hours of glorious life" that are compassed by three courses of lectures, I know something of the qualities possessed by this body.

Here are men who have formed friendships that will endure through time and eternity. Here are men who hold a higher ideal of the practice of medicine than the one who declared that "it is a piracy where we nail the black flag to the mast and sail ahead." Rather will they endeavor to serve their generation as they make their way in the world. Here are men who, having struggled hard to gain a medical education, and having improved their advantages while

in college, now "go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

As we appear before you to-night so we shall never be again. No alumni dinner will ever number all these faces at the board. The joys of college life are of the past. We go—and whither? Some, doubtless, to the coveted prize—a lucrative position in the metropolis, others to the rigorous life of the country practitioner, and others still to the noble and self-sacrificing work of the medical missionary.

As we leave our Alma Mater let us hope that each man takes with him as his motto:

"Above all price of wealth

The Body's jewel—not for minds profane,

Or hands to tamper with in practice vain—

Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.

A heavenly gift within a holy shrine!

To be approached and touched with serious fear,

By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,

E'en as the Priesthood of the One divine."

Men of '87.

AS the Secretary has heard from only ten of the class, a condensed report of the whereabouts and doings of each will have to be postponed. It does seem strange that the class feeling has so far died out that only such a small proportion can be heard from.

We hope to be able to hear from them all by next Fall.

C. A. WARD, Secretary.

Drug-Proving.

THE New York Society for Medico Scientific Investigation offers as prizes for drug-proving the sum of \$50, to be divided as follows: \$25 for the first prize, \$15 for the second prize, and \$10 for the third prize—the proving committee to have full charge of all details, with power to reject any or all provings which are not of sufficient value. Time limited to May 1, 1889.

Any one desiring to compete for these prizes is requested to communicate with the chairman of the committee, who will state the requirements and furnish the drug.

E. J. PRATT, M.D., Chairman,

12 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

College Notes.

DR. F. H. BOYNTON, '74, has removed to 34 West Thirty-second street.

THE prize offered by Dr. Doughty for the best set of notes on his clinics (a valuable set of instruments) was captured by Dr. E. S. Smith.

THE fair held recently in aid of our College and Hospital netted about \$16,000. There is a movement on foot to hold another, and on a larger scale about Christmas.

W. A. WAKELEY, the only contestant for Professor Helmuth's prize for notes on his clinics, was presented with a Willard-Parker pocket-case of instruments in return for his notes.

THE large picture, "A Russian Wedding Feast," awarded to THE CHIRONIAN as the favorite newspaper at the fair, has been placed in the library, and the Board of Editors will have a plate engraved with a suitable inscription placed on it.

QUITE a number of middle-men who will be Seniors next session, will stay in the city during the summer to attend the clinics held daily at the Dispensary, and make themselves useful as well as ornamental by attending some obstetrical cases, and make visits to the homes of sick children.

THE prize of \$25 offered by Dr. S. H. Talcott, for the best index and synopsis of his lectures was won by Dr. W. A. Wakeley. The notes furnished by Dr. R. V. Sweet—in competition for this prize, were so nearly equal to the first-named—that a second prize in the shape of a standard work on mental diseases was awarded to him.

WE are prepared to furnish a limited number of Vol. I., Vol. II., Vol. III. and Vol. IV., of THE CHIRONIAN, bound in half morocco and in first-class style for \$1.50 each, postpaid. Also back numbers of any volume since its publication at fifteen cents each. Address CHIRONIAN, corner Twenty-third street and Third Avenue, New York.

LATE on Tuesday night after the examina-

tions by the Censors a man was seen flying down Twenty-third street towards Greenpoint Ferry, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Upon further investigation it proved to be Birdsall, the perennial, who was in a great hurry to get home and tell his better-half that at last he had succeeded in passing the final examinations.

AT this time the College Halls look forlorn and forsaken. No peanut shells or bits of paper strewn over the floors, everything clean as a whistle. Once in a while an Editor of THE CHIRONIAN will listlessly roam through the deserted halls in search for something to fill his column with College Notes. But all in vain, the large skeleton in the museum puts on an extra grin when it sees the look of despair settling upon the noble brow of the newsman, who descends the stairs at a slow pace and wends his way towards Broadway to be cheered by the many sweet faces he meets, and whose owners are on their daily shopping expeditions.

American Institute of Homœopathy.

THE Bureau of *Materia Medica* chose for their work this year a study of the therapeutics of zincum metallicum and its salts in nervous diseases, and in diseases of the uterus and its appendages. They also decided to make some provings and re-provings of these drugs, for the reason that while some of them are highly valued by homœopathic physicians their combined symptomatology shows a large part of it to be derived from allopathic sources, cases of poisoning, etc., not reliable provings. To add to the interest and value of the discussions of this bureau, we appeal to each member of the Institute to make a note of any case in which zinc m. or any of its salts were indicated, the administration of the remedy and its effects, and present it during the discussion at Niagara Falls in June next. Let us all have the benefit of your individual case books.

A. R. WRIGHT,
Chairman Bureau of Mat. Med.